

Mihailo Patterson Oborn

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1<sup>st</sup> Period LA

Narrative Writing Project Final

## “Memorial”

*Unity Tower, City of Murka, 8:37am, a Monday*

“A *dignified* brothel?” Mr. White asked Mr. Black with furrowed eyes “Yeh mang, dis’ what we gon’ do rah’ her to make dis’ sheet dignuhfied—“ Mr. White was listening with impatience and a slightly blatant touch of confusion and discomfort as neither I, the great *Michael Mickey Mitchell* (as that is what the city calls me for no one has any sort of mental diction to properly pronounce my name to save their damn lives), Prime Presidential Governor of Murka, or he, The Vice Presidential Governor could decipher Mr. Black’s strange, slang-infused South-Murkan dialect. Mr. White (a name indicative of not only his age, but his ethnicity) was a businessman who had essentially taken the role of my family’s butler (except to my *expletive* of a father), and was especially partial to me due to my skills in economic management.

“So you see, deez gerls be all up in mah hivbwbihd, ‘den they be all like vqbcnjhgyuk jwbrvmwws in mah euvbsyuy-” Mr. Black (a name given by us to describe the color of his gray matter) was a Southern Murka rich-kid who didn’t seem to utilize any sort of real education (Murka’s education system had almost completely gone to trash ever since somebody had the *grand* idea to throw away all former means of education and create a new one that had been ever so convoluted and unnecessary) as his family deemed him *above the idolatries of modern education*, which essentially meant that he was a complete piece of intellectual trash that had no actual sophistication of any kind other than his absolutely atrocious pronunciation of the English language. “-so y’all see what ah mee’?” Both Mr. White and I exchanged perplexed glances.

**You understood all that, right Mr. White? I mean, you *do* have quite a bit of experience in 9 other languages. *That wasn’t a language, Mitch, that was two seizures and a paroxysm.***

“Y’all listenin’?” Mr. White gave a look of exhaustion as he got up from his chair and pointed at the door while doing his best not to make eye contact with Mr. Black. “Cuh’mon doo! Yo Michael, yo’ old man had no prah’bluhn workin’ wit’ me so wah’m I gettin’ ‘da boot by yo’ pit buh’? The very mentioning of my father made me soar out of my seat and jet over to Mr. Black with what felt like the two suns replacing my pupils. Mr. Black reared into a somehow crouched fetal position, and I was about to crush his jaw with my fist until Mr. White held me by the shoulder “He’s not worth it Mick,” I stared claymores into a quivering Mr. Black while Mr.

White kept me steady. “Mr. Black, your palms are sweaty.” “Next time you ever mention my father again you’d better be ready.” “And while you’re at it, go get some of your mother’s spaghetti.” Mr. Black gave a silent nod and shuddered his way to the elevator.

“You have to get yourself under control Michael, even your grandfather would be quite disappointed with your current emotional state, Sir.” Mr. White was right. I couldn’t let my late father ruin my Prime Presidential calm-and-collectiveness in the face of all the problems Murka seems to keep piling up. The main reason I found my father as quite a bit of a *expletive* was due to his absolutely abhorrent former Prime Presidential decisions that not only led to the shallow, dull, uneducated but *successful* city I had to deal with, but the death of his father, my incredibly noble and intuitive Grandfather. The debts from my father’s hefty payments into pleasure activities piled high, until either it would be paid or my Grandfather’s life would be taken in exchange for all of the debts. My father, being the coward that he was (and at the begging of my *expletive* step-mother), chose my Grandfather’s life, and even though I had never knew him more than a number of greetings and the occasional inspirational conversation, he was exceedingly dear to me, maybe not because he was family, but possibly due to the way he was direct and honest in talking with me (a rarity amongst the erratic and mentally unintuitive populous in Murka), and how he was so sincere and enthusiastic about almost anything when no one else could be due to not having enough *pleasure*. The city apparently valued him almost as much as I did, or so I thought until I discovered his statue was built by my father only to make it seem like him and my Grandfather were as close as can be (he even had the nerve to cover for the debt collectors’ hitmen). The statue was still a strong part of Murka’s community despite my personal qualms. It looked brand new after my father died.

I regained my composure “*Hrm*, so what’s the next step, Mr. White?” He pulled out his *Agenda Clipboard* (Trademark by Mr. White’s *Productive Train of Thought*) “Well, we still have to deal with Raylan Bowman and the STEM situation-“ Of course, I had almost forgotten about the Bowman and his absolutely *divine* drug trafficking situation across Murka! Raylan Bowman was a renowned chemist who was then hired by my father to create a kind of mental pleasure enhancement. This was to be called STEM (Trademark by *Coastal Cola* and *Fountain Hue*), a soft drink that directly simulates the brain stem to put the body in a state of hibernation...for 5 minutes, only it apparently felt like 5 hours to the people who took the drug. “-then there’s the whole ordeal with Thead-” Thead (also a suspect in the production of STEM) was a man hired by my father whose specialties involved fabricating a reality in which I was his ultimate rival, for whatever inane reason. He was hired by my father to be in charge of the housing and mortgages in Murka, but obviously seems to despise his position and wants to govern Murka himself for he feels *entitled* to my position. The backfire of hiring such an unstable personality was that Thead

had connections to the former debt collectors, and sent them to finish off my father as his personal hitmen, of whom also died in the process in which they wrestled him out of the 237<sup>th</sup> floor window, turning all three men into raspberry jam at the entrance to the tower.

I took a minute to think of which man took priority. Thead was an unstable lunatic in charge of one of the most important jobs in Murka, while Raylan Bowman was just as unstable (due to decades of exposure to various chemicals and philosophy) and was pumping out STEM as fast as Mr. Black's incoherent and irrelevant rhetoric. "Might as well take care of Raylan, Sir. Thead's certainly a threat, but he's probably patient enough to organize his very flawed plans." Thead tried a number of *dastardly* (and fairly harmless) things to try and pry me from my position, such as put butter on my kitchen floor so that I might slip and cripple myself (I shouldn't say kitchen floor because it was actually put in the middle of the hallway to the kitchen. I didn't understand how I was to cripple myself in such a manner.), putting *Block-Os* around the exterior of my bed (actually a bit of a dick move), and sending women of ill-repute to my home to try and make a *President Quinton* scandal (I would've gotten out of it just as easy). Such very basic and childish things were certainly annoying but not crucial to my defeat. I quickly made the decision to take care of the former, and after I dealt with Raylan Bowman, I was to have a personal talk with Thead himself. "Alright Mr. White, let's head down to Coastal Cola HQ and give Raylan Bowman the What For."

*Chemical Interest Lab, Coastal Cola HQ, 9:10am (Damn what a quick drive), Still Monday*

As I opened the door to Raylan's office, *the young Michael looked upon my features with a great degree of both irritation and confusion, almost as if the very sight of one he loathes irks his usual swaggering gait and pristine demeanor. The very same moment I notice—What the hell is this? I'm supposed to be the only one narrating since this is MY story. Well perhaps, Mickey, my character is written with such a degree of sophistication and intelligence that I am able to counter such generic storytelling with a form of non-linear fourth-wall breaking. In fact, Reader, what kind of person would you have to be to spend your unabashed time reading these boring, dull, and unkempt stories instead of immersing yourself into a good cinema, or even perhaps those interactive technology devices that allow you to shoot a man in the face for sport?*

We stared at each other in the doorway.

The reader doesn't give a rat's disease-ridden ass about the logistics of reading a story, now can we get on with this? *Ugh, how droll. Fine.* Now, I'd like to talk to you about your corruption of this city with your Poisonade. *You mean my STEM? Yes, I've been pumping this refuse out for years now, and your father still hasn't contacted me to give me the okay to*

***quit distribution. Would you kindly ask the bastard when my decade-long shift is over? He's dead. He's what?!***

I grabbed the bridge of my nose, rolled my eyes and continued our Battle of the Glares.

***Well would you kindly ask the new bastard in charge to relieve me of my—This Bastard hereby grants you leave of your work on the drug STEM and bids you adieu to your devices.*** Raylan broke off his glare and shut the door while we heard an enthusiastic “Capital!” from inside the office. “Um, Sir, what was that all about?” “Well Mr. White, apparently Raylan was working on STEM this entire time because he thought my father still had the reigns over his employment and was waiting for the OK to stop working on the stuff. I just relieved him of his duties.” Mr. White looked as puzzled as he’d ever been. “You both were staring at one another in the doorway for about an hour and a half.” “We had a lot to discuss.” Mr. White shook his head and sighed. “Well then why did your father enlist him to create STEM in the first place?” “Hell if I know.” Mr. White then slowly grabbed his temple, and we began to walk back to the car. We now had to take care of Thead and perhaps all would be right again.

*Bottom of Unity Tower, Chaotic City of Murka, 10:55am, the Longest Monday Morning Ever*

As we reached the entrance to the Unity Tower, Mr. Black had apparently gathered some sort of rally/protest against my *tyrannical reign* (I later found out he was paid by Thead to form the march, son of a female bitch). “Ey’ y’all! Dis’ doo’ rah’ heh be trine ta’ take away all ‘ah taxes n’ sheet! He be makin’ us work fo’ wages so dat’ we can pay fo’ food fo’ ‘ah families man! He be ajbwr ibnejvcdijn, ef9oicnwidjs!” The protesters gave vexed but passionate cries of acknowledgement. While this painfully desperate scene was taking place, my grandfather’s statue was on the verge of crumbling. Mr. White split the crowd like Moses and began toward Mr. Black. “You’ve got quite some nerve pulling a stunt like this and disturbing the good people for whatever idiotic and ill-advised plan you’ve got up your sleeve Mr. Black!” Mr. Black gave a very over-confident smirk “Doo’, ‘ahm jus’ doin’ dis’ for mah homie Theed yaw! He hook’ me up wit’ 5,000 dollas’ jus’ to put dis’ toogetha’!” The crowd suddenly started to look awfully perturbed by this news and quickly began to throw every object in sight at Mr. Black. Mr. White gracefully ducked, bobbed, and weaved and headed towards me. “We must go inside Sir! I believe Thead works on the 68<sup>th</sup> floor!” The both of us then sprinted inside while Mr. Black was pelted with signs, random street objects, and garbage while in the true fetal position.

We finally reached Thead’s office and found a note on his desk that sent us to *my* office, where he was leaning out on the edge of the balcony. “So, the famed Michael Mitchell Mickey Martin Maxwell Marcus Magnus Maury Manny Manuel Miguel Mortimer Mac Moody Moron comes to me at last.” He was fiddling around with a pebble for some odd reason. “We’re going to have to reach a compromise at some point, and if we don’t, I’m just going to have to lower the

mortgages of everyone in this city to...5 months.” Both Mr. White and I looked at each other with concern, then, we started to smile, and we finally began to laugh uncontrollably. “What the devil is so *apparently* hysterical?” We calmed down for a moment while still giggling like madmen. “Well, you see, Thead, hmhmhm, your plan is flawed, hmhmhmhm. I COULD JUST FIRE YOU! HAHAAAAHA-” Mr. White and I started up again. “Alright, how about 2 months!” We laughed harder, eventually losing our composure and crouching. “WELL HOW ABOUT I DROP THIS PEBBLE AND CRUMBLE YOUR PRECIOUS GRANDFATHER’S STATUE?!” We both quickly stopped laughing. “You wouldn’t dare, I’ll drop you down with it before you taint my Grandfather’s name.” Thead smirked and dropped the pebble. I ran to the edge of the balcony to find the pebble completely defy past physics and fall straight down onto the top of my Grandfather’s cemented head with an echoing *tap*. The statue then cracked and fell apart with a dusty explosion.

I turned to Thead with my eyes burning at 9,000° C and proceeded to toss him off the balcony as he fell 237 floors into the crowd below. A slightly anxious Mr. White and I went down to the entrance to observe the sight of the aftermath. Mr. Black and a number of others were unconscious with a groaning and moderately contorted Thead lying on top of them. Mr. White turned to me. “We’re going to be hearing from his insurance company, aren’t we, Sir?” “Probably Mr. White, but look.” The protesters then dropped their makeshift weapons and began to walk home with their heads held slightly low. Paramedics came and picked up Thead and Mr. Black, plus some collateral civilian damage (They looked pretty fit, they were probably fine). Mr. White and I went back into the tower, slightly confused. Nothing had really changed, and life still went on. Perhaps that’s what my Grandfather had really wanted.

“Sir, I apologize for never really asking, but how *do* you pronounce your name?” I smiled. “It’s *Michelle*,” and took off my latex mask to reveal a long flurry of hair “I’m a girl.”

## The End

(That took quite the while didn’t it? Just wait for the sequel,

Memorial 2: Electric Mickaloo. It’s like 3 ½ hours long plus the

Extended Special Edition. Neat.)